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The Illustrated
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NEWS

Report and pictures
from inside China—
September issue 25p

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PART 2 FOR HIRE: AN UNDERGRADUATE SPY

Today I would have scruples about the purpose I served, but at that age I was ready to be a mercenary in any cause so long as I was repaid with excitement and a little risk'

NOW I LOOK BACK, THERE seems something a little bizarre about my Oxford days. They certainly do not recall those of a young man or the early pages of *Ideshead Revisited*: perhaps they are closer to Maclean's and Kim Philby's at Cambridge.

A small affair of what might have been espionage began innocently enough in early 1924. I had read a book of short stories by Geoffrey Ashe called *Defeat about the occult* and zones of Germany. Most of the authorities in their zone to abolish a separatist Palatine public between the Moselle and Rhine. German criminals had been brought in from Marseilles to other ports—pimps, brothel-keepers, thieves from French towns—to support the collabora- tions. Even one of the ministers had been a prison sentence. French cops held the crowds back while armed German police were seen unconscious. Only the oppo- sition of the British and American governments put an end to what is known as the Revolver Repub- lic but it was believed in Germany at any moment the "spontaneous" outbreak would be re- vealed.

I was easily aroused to indigna- tion by cruelties not my own, and the idea of experiencing a little anger made me write to the man Embassy in Carlton Gar- is and offer my services as a pagandist. The Oxford Outlook at my disposal, for I was the for, and to the Oxford Chronicle, ity paper. I was a regular con- tributor, if only of the five-shilling poems.

I had not expected the prompti- tude of the German response. Com- back one early evening to my in Balliol I found my arm- ir occupied, my only bottle of ndy almost finished, and a fat nd stranger who rose and intro- duced himself, "Count von Bern- storf." He was the first secretary the German Embassy, a man loved luxury and boys and who quented a shady club called the ssinia in Archer Street, Soho. one could have foretold that den in those folds of flesh was ero who was to run a Jewish pe-route from Germany to Swit- zerland during the last war and be- truded in Dachau.

My days after that seemed to be d by Germans—there was a pretty Countess von Bern- storf, the diplomat's cousin, who a scented glove behind in my n to be added to my adolescent m of inanimate objects, a



Continuing
GRAHAM GREENE'S
autobiography
*A Sort of Life**

young man with a long complicated title, who claimed a nobler and longer descent than the Hohen- zollerns, and a mysterious wizened narrow figure with a scarred face, Captain P., whose full name I have now forgotten. Captain P. would turn up at irregular intervals, like someone who looks in at a kitchen door to see if the kettle is boiling. Now that I have worked in the Secret Service myself, I feel I should have smelt him out immedi- ately as an intelligence officer.

The day arrived when I called at Carlton Gardens and Count Bern- storf handed me a packet and told me to burn the envelope—which, of course, I kept for some years as a souvenir. Inside were twenty-five pound notes—more than suffi- cient in those days for a fortnight's holiday down the Rhine and the Moselle.

My father took the affair very seriously. He told me how Lord Haldane's career had been wrecked by his too great friendship for the Germans, and he offered to pay for my holiday himself. I knew that he could ill afford his generosity and I refused the offer. After all, I argued, I was not going to follow the same career as Lord Haldane and was unlikely to attain his eminence.

* To be published by The Bodley Head on September 16 at £1.80.

I asked Claud Cockburn to come with me; we were to be joined in Germany by my cousin Tooter, for neither Claud nor I could speak German. We went in- expensively by the Hook, and as we were laughing with pleasure in the railway compartment to Harwich at the thought of our free holiday and the roving nature of German diplomats there slid in beside us thin, narrow Captain P. with his duel-scarred face. Our laughter broke abruptly off and we tried to appear the serious observers we were meant to be.

Our holiday was uneventful, in spite of the stack of introductions which waited for us in the Cologne hotel. There we met a man called Waldenheim who was the political organiser in the German Volks- partei, and an industrial magnate, Doctor Hennings, who owned a great dye factory outside Cologne and gave us a gargantuan feast in Leverkusen, while he talked glibly of Germany's starvation.

After Cologne we went to Essen and lodged in simple luxury at Krupp's private hotel. In the Ruhr, newly occupied by French troops, "there was a delightful sensation of being hated by every- body," I wrote to my mother. "No tourist could be expected in the Ruhr, and I suppose all foreigners are taken for French officials. In the evening we went to a cabaret where we were even more un- welcome, and a rather fat, naked woman did a symbolic dance of Germany in chains, ending up of course by breaking her fetters." I can remember still the menace of Essen where most of the factory workers were on strike: the badly lit streets, the brooding groups. We flirted with fear and began to find a thriller together rather in Buchan's manner.

At Bonn, then a small provincial university town, we stayed for half-a-crown a day in a little *gasthaus* built in 1649. On the riverside at night, encouraged by the atrocity stories we had heard in Cologne, we followed innocent Senegalese soldiers in the hope of seeing a rape, which never occurred.

At Trier on the Moselle, which had been the centre of the Separatist movement, *Spahis* in turbans and long cloaks lounged under the Roman gateway, but there were no incidents to excite us. A local editor told us that every letter which left Trier was censored by the French authorities, so I wrote a letter to myself, addressed to "The Editor of the Oxford Outlook," recounting imaginary atrocities by the French and mentioning the day and hour of the train we were to take out of the zone. But there were no soldiers to arrest us on the plat- form and the letter arrived safely in England unopened—a useful lesson in checking one's informa- tion.

Only in Heidelberg, outside the occupied zone, did our introduc- tions provide us with an interest- ing encounter. There in the bureau of what was called respectfully the Society for the Relief of Exiles from the Palatinate we met a kindly middle-aged man in plus- fours called Doctor Eberlein, who frankly explained to us the real purpose of his society. He was a kidnapper. He recruited young men to drive fast cars across the frontier into the French zone where they seized mayors and officials who were collaborating with the French authorities and bundled them back into Germany to be "tried" for high treason.

In those days, when Hitler was still unknown to us, Doctor Eber- lein's adventurous story appealed to me and gave me an idea for the future. When I returned home I wrote to Count Bernstorf sug- gesting that there might be diffi- culties in transmitting funds to the secret nationalist organisations in the occupied zone. An Oxford undergraduate would hardly be suspected as a courier.

After some delay Bernstorf replied. He wrote that at present they had no difficulty in transmit- ting funds, but he had been asked by his "friends" in Berlin whether I would be prepared to return to the French zone, get in touch with the Separatist leaders and try to obtain some information about their plans for the future.

I finished reading the letter with excitement and a measure of pride, for I was being promoted from propaganda to espionage. It was a heady thought for a boy of nine- teen, and I am amazed now, in these more security-conscious days, at what both of us had so rashly put upon paper.

Today, I would have scruples about the purpose I served, but at that age I was ready to be a mercenary in any cause so long as I was repaid with excitement and a little risk. I suppose too that every novelist has something in



The young Greene planned espionage with Count von Bernstorf (right), a lover of luxury who died in Dachau

common with a spy: he watches, he overhears, he seeks motives and analyses character, and in his attempt to serve literature he is unscrupulous.

It was an odd schizophrenic life I lived during the autumn term of 1924. I attended tutorials, drank coffee at the Cadena, wrote an essay on Thomas More, studied the revolution of 1688 "from original sources," read papers on poets to the Ordinary and the Mermaid, attended debates at the Union, got drunk with friends, then "Cross came out on the other side, the novel."

There another life began, where I exchanged last letters with the woman I loved, who was engaged to another man, wrote a first novel never to be published, the unhappy history of a black child born to white parents, and prepared plans with Bernstorf for espionage. All the time Germans were dropping into my life unannounced, arriving from Paddington for the day to see the colleges and drink in my room.

Meanwhile I wrote to a right- wing journal owned by the Duke of Northumberland called *The Patriot*, which had supported the Separatist Republic, and offered to be their correspondent in Trier. As I demanded no expenses and wrote from the respectable address of Balliol they were ready to wel- come articles so long as I under- stood, they frankly explained, that I could represent only one point of view, their own. Then I wrote to the French Embassy in London, telling them how I was visiting Trier for *The Patriot* and would be glad of any introductions they could give me.

All was set, and with sufficient cunning, when the blow fell. The Dawes Plan was formulated, the Great Powers met together at some Swiss resort, agreements were reached, guarantees were given, and one insignificant recruit to the ranks of espionage was told to fall out—his services no longer required. All the lessons in German I had been taking from a maiden lady in North Oxford had been wasted time.

I often wonder what would have happened if my plans had not been aborted. Espionage is an odd pro- fession: for some it is a vocation, with an unscrupulous purity, un- touched by mercenary or even patriotic considerations—spying for spying's sake. Already I had begun to be dissatisfied with the plain gathering of fact and rumour and with its transmission to a single source: the idea of being a double agent had occurred to me. I would be certain, I thought, to learn something of my employer's interests: even the questions I had to answer would have value for the French authorities, and the honest pity which I had formerly felt for defeated Germany had died a quick death after the gourmandising in Leverkusen and the lies of the editor in Trier.

Perhaps it was lucky for me that Germany was able to dispense

with my services, for the life of the double agent is a precarious one.

THE LAST TERM BEFORE I TOOK Finals was filled with frustrated efforts to decide the future. I passed my viva for the Consular Service, having an idea of follow- ing in the footsteps of James Elroy Flecker in the Levant, although in the end I never sat for the examination, for it would have entailed many months of being coached in French. I had at the time a great admiration for some of Flecker's poems and I pictured myself in a caravanserai on the Golden Road to Samarkand or sitting beside a creaking jalousie, full of self pity and nostalgia, in a Middle Eastern seaport.

More and more the wind-vane of my inclination swung in the direction of the East. I applied here, I applied there. For example, there was an interview with the Asiatic Petroleum Com- pany. Here I had been helped by my uncle, who was head of the Brazilian Warrant Agency; he had spoken on my behalf to a director.

Unfortunately I found my inter- viewer knew all about a book of verse I had published at Oxford and he regarded this tendency of mine with deep suspicion. No one, he said, who worked with the Asiatic Petroleum Company could have outside interests.

I tried hard to persuade him that my small book had been an aberra- tion of adolescence; now that I was mature I had outgrown litera- ture and my only ambition was to make a success in business. When I saw that nothing was of any avail I suggested to my mother that there might be an opening in the company for my eldest brother Herbert to whom unemployment was like a recurring flu—at least he hadn't put himself out of court by publishing a book. (Years later he did publish one of dubious authenticity called *Secret Agent* in Spain—almost a family title.)

I had been play-acting to the director, but there was some truth in my desire to cut away from the past. I knew I could never be a good poet, I associated even the act of composition with unhappy love, and my first novel which I had written while at Oxford had never found a publisher. I was ready to wear any mask to escape from myself, and so now I flirted with a less important business opening than Asiatic Petroleum, and one far removed from Samarkand.

The Lancashire General Insur- ance Agency had opened a branch at Oxford under a genial manager with a silky moustache called Captain Harris who was always good for a free drink and a doubt- ful joke; he was the more popular because he had a plump blonde secretary who hinted, when she was left for a moment without him, at all kinds of possibilities, even a weekend in Paris.

Captain Harris offered me, as soon as I should go down, a job at £350 a year plus commissions,

which might easily, so said the optimistic captain, amount to another £500, but I had my doubts.

I think I must have made contact with the captain and his girl when I offered to readers of the Oxford Outlook a free insurance against failure in examinations. They had only to fill in the coupon on page 37 and in case of failure they would receive a free champagne dinner for two at one of the Oxford restaurants. I suppose Captain Harris insured me against my risks. "Of course, the chief attrac- tion of the dinner," I wrote home, "will be its mixed character, and as stupid females have the reputa- tion of being the prettiest, this ought not to be negligible."

I never joined the Lancashire

General Insurance Agency: instead I found myself for two weeks an employee of the British-American Tobacco Company, destined for China in two months time.

From the first I was daunted by the great concrete slab beside the Thames, with the uniformed porter like an officer of some foreign country demanding credentials: in the lift several middle-aged men were carrying files carefully like babies.

The director who interviewed me (his name, I think, was Archibald Rose) had the appear- ance of a senior army officer, perhaps a brigadier, in plain clothes. He was correctly dressed in dark capitalist uniform, with a well-tied bow tie, a well-groomed moustache; he had the politeness of a man speaking to his equal in age and position. He would have made a good intelligence officer, and I have little doubt now that he belonged, however distantly, to the Secret Service. A man in his position, recruiting and controlling men for the Chinese hinterland, could hardly have escaped contact with the "old firm," and perhaps for that reason he was not scrupulously accurate about the details of the employment. The end just- ified the means.

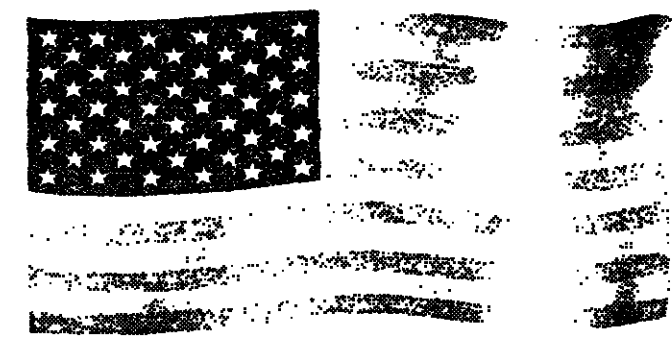
"I want university men," he said in remarkable contrast to the director of Asiatic Petroleum, "be- cause they have other interests. They can stand loneliness." It was the best chosen fly he could have attached to his hook. After one year, he said, spent in the treaty port of Shanghai, I would be appointed to some station in the interior with one other companion. The starting salary would be 450 pounds a year.

I discovered soon after joining the firm that both these facts were inaccurate. I would have to spend at least three years in the Shanghai office and maybe longer, and the salary was 360 pounds. What was more important to me, because of my interest in a girl at Oxford, I should not be allowed to marry for the first four years after my appointment and only then with the permission of the directors. If I threw up the job before the end of my first year, I would not only have to pay my return fare, I would have to reimburse the company for my passage out.

I went to work—if you can call it that—almost at once. I was shown into a large office like a classroom where there were rows of desks. I felt as though I were back in the Junior School—to make the resemblance even closer the new boys, some half-a-dozen of them, were all placed at the front of the class.

There was absolutely no work for any of us to do. Far from being new boys who had to be bullied into learning, it seemed that we were favoured pupils who must be kept happy. We belonged to a privileged class because we were destined for China, though some- times I felt we more closely resembled pampered prisoners who must not know the fate to which we were being led.

They gave us to read, to help continued on next page



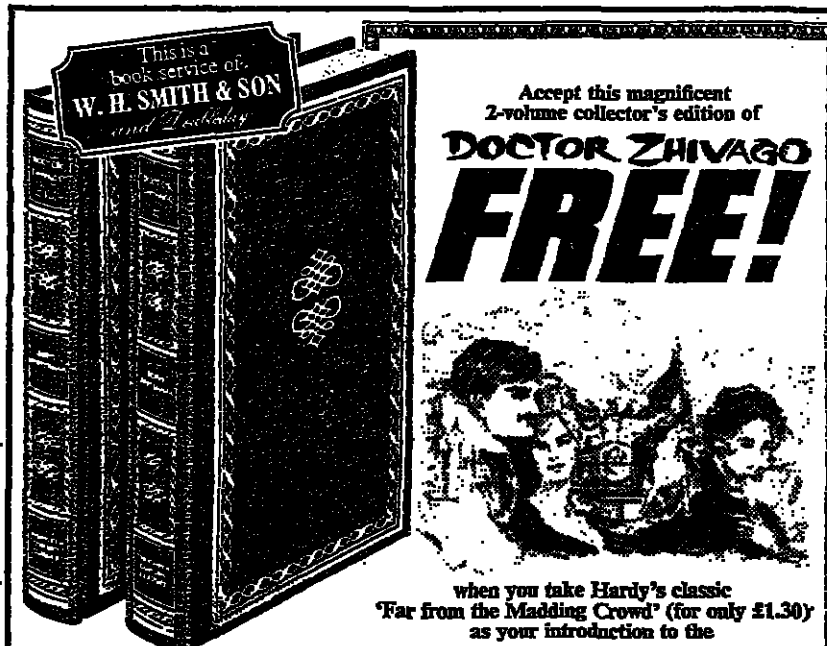
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In pursuit of Proust

MARCEL PROUST, 1871-1922, edited by Peter Quennell
Weidenfeld & Nicolson £4.25 pp 216
RAYMOND MORTIMER



Proust as a boy

few of us, I believe, share Proust's belief in their importance. Anyone reading the novel for the first time should be warned that it is intensely subjective.

In Proust's view nobody can ever understand anyone else: personality is always so inconceivable, as well as so subject to continual change by time. Oddly enough, however, the greatest of all his gifts seems to me his characterisation, solid as well as subtle. He is equally inventive in the dramatic situations that display character. Again, he surpasses all other novelists in his sensibility to the beauties of art as well as of nature, and also in his induction of general laws from particular instances. Following the French habit of La Bruyere and Montesquieu, though Proust would have thought such considerations misplaced in a novel, they are unusually profound.

The world he created reminds us of the real Court depicted by Saint-Simon, but is not quite so narrow. The *bourgeoisie* and the popular are represented only by servants, one tailor and a few personages who have made their way into the company of the well-off. He provides, however, an almost sociological study of the distinctions apparent in the aristocracy and the upper bourgeoisie. We are shown the grand and witty Guermantes set, the intermediate circle of the *déclassés*, Mme de Villeparisis, the Verdun little clan (two of its pillars tedious pedants, who surely could not have been admitted into a *salon* that included Anatole France), and the solid, self-sufficient professional class into which the Narrator was born.

By the end of the book the only personages we are invited to respect (apart from the Narrator's family, Swann and the Princess de Parme) are Vinteuil, Elstir and Bergotte, who seem not so much individuals as idealised types of the composer, the painter and the

novelist. The others, of whatever class, have been exposed as heartless, base, or at any rate silly. Proust expected his friends to be as generous in their affection (not their love) as he was himself, and they were always disappointed. What won, and retained, his place in good society, I believe, was his marvellously amusing talk.

Apart from Mr Quennell, all the members of his team write for their fellow-addicts. Professor Philip Kolb draws upon the almost unendurable manuscripts and notes he has studied. Mr Anthony Powell is perceptive and thorough about Proust as a soldier; and, again expectedly, Miss Elizabeth Bowen is brilliantly imaginative about Bergotte (who as a writer, I think, resembles Proust himself rather than any of the novelists whom he has supposedly been drawn). Let me quote from her briefly:

Cruelly infested, as might a malevolent fever, a swamp or a stunted, the universe of Proust's *Recherche du temps perdu*: life with its perennial innocence survives. The characters have an astonishing resilience, a foolhardy, desperate quality that gives them panache.

M. Sherban Sidery (like M. Georges Caillet in the excellent *Return to Proust* number of *Adam*) emphasises the influence of Proust's half-Jewish blood, suggesting that this gave him his verve and love for mockery. I don't agree that "to be a Jew is to bear a burden of guilt"; I suspect that (apart perhaps from *enigme*) the characteristic thought to be Jewish are the product not of heredity but of environment. The son of a gentle father and brought up as a Catholic, did Proust ever entertain cynicism or cut a koshish meal? And were any of his friends observant Jews? Yet he did himself detect "Jewish atavism" in both the refined Swann and the ill-bred Bloch.

Mrs Peter Quennell is discriminating about the various dressmakers employed by the ladies in the novel. M. Marcel Schneider insists that the picture of the French aristocracy is imaginative rather than photographic, and that Proust "had the sensibility of a tyrannous, destructive child." Mr I. E. D. Dunlop adds Vinteuil to the painters drawn upon for Elstir; Mr B. C. Rogers writes rather pompously about Proust and the 19th century, and Mr Francis Steegmuller briefly about Cocteau's relationship with him. On six or seven pages of plates we are given a selection of Proust's photographs and paintings, the places he describes and the *Art Nouveau* environment. Altogether a book that makes a delightful present for any Proustian.

The Baron and his court

CORVO by Donald Weeks/Michael Joseph £3.50 pp 450
PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

THE PARANOIAC often attracts a cult following, both in his lifetime and posthumously. "Ah," people say, "if mine had been the hand to feed him, it would not have been bitten." (Oh yes, it would.) "All he needed was sympathy and tact." Probably the main attraction is his perfect self-assurance, which leads men to take him at his face-value. The author of *Hadrian VII*, Frederick Rolfe, self-styled Baron Corvo, had the attraction too of a weird touch of genius—only a touch, but enough to allure. It is impossible to read his novels without wishing—today without feeling the man's powerful personality; and if it had its grimy side, we shall probably fall over ourselves to excuse it.

Mr Donald Weeks is one of the foremost collectors of Corviana. Snagged by the Corvo legend when he first read A. J. A. Symonds' "The Quest for Corvo," he determined to find out all he could about him. The result is a rather loosely-written but comprehensive work, of the utmost value to all Corvo-lovers. It tells the full story, so far as it is to be told, from his birth in 1860 at 61 Chesham (here Mr Weeks draws some astrological conclusions) to his death in Venice in 1913. I dare say we shall get nothing more thorough for a long time, if ever.

It is a tragicomic story, at times a very sad one. Whatever Corvo lacked, it was not physical courage. Told by friends that he would be looked after if only he would return to England, he refused, preferring to spend the bitter winter nights in his boat and to eke out his pitiful diet by going to despised cocktail parties, not for the drinks, but for the titbits. He became so shabby that he was often ashamed to be seen in the streets. But he did not, as has been suggested elsewhere, die in poverty. Towards the end of his life he had a bit of financial luck, and was able to resume a dream—to play patron to another man, a destitute Englishman called Wade-Brown, to whom he had been introduced at the Albergo Cavallotti. Wade-Brown was with him until his death.

With regard to the notorious and much-debated Venice letters, I find Mr Weeks rather deter-

minedly sitting on the fence. Are they an accurate record of the facts, or are they, too, examples of wish-fulfillment? They were written to titillate the imagination of a Cornishman called Masson Fox, and very fine pieces of titillation they are. Yet they are shot through with Rolfe's own peculiar poetry, and give some magnificent descriptions of Venice itself. That Rolfe was homosexual seems to me beyond doubt; yet incidents described in the letters have the unmistakable touch of an imagination run wild. They remain something of an enigma, though.

This cannot now really be said of Corvo himself. We know a great deal by this time, thanks to Mr Weeks. Because Corvo was such a liar, it is not always easy to see the wood for the trees; it is a dark wood, all the same, though anyone who fancies that he himself would have been the "divine friend, greatly desired" may not be deterred from his fancy by Mr Weeks' work, which is perhaps a little overly sympathetic.



Nazis starting a bonfire of books: one of the striking photographs discussed in "Scoop Scandal and Strife," a valuable newspaperman's handbook of news pictures edited by Ken Baynes, Tom Hopkinson, Allen Hult and Derrick Knight (Lund Humphries paperback £3.75)

The people's poison...

DRINK AND THE VICTORIANS: The Temperance Question in England 1815-1872 by Brian Harrison/Faber £5.50 pp 510
CHRISTOPHER RICKS

WHY GIVE money to the poor, since they will only waste it on gin and tobacco? But Dr Johnson then asked "And why should they be denied such sweeteners of their existence?"

By Queen Victoria's time, men were as least determined to do something about the fact that drink the sweeter was drink the poison. What's your poison? Yet it is one of the strengths of Brian Harrison's remarkable book on Drink and the Victorians that it sees drink as more than an

The range of information and speculation in this richly human book shows what the reformers were up against. For drink was poison and antidote. It was entwined with so much else that was good as well as bad in Victorian life. Despite the brutalities of commercialisation, it fostered relationships that were not simply mercenary. Though it led to its own terrors and fears, it staved off terrors and fears. It caused pain and it killed pain. Simplest of all, it quenched thirst—Dr Harrison reminds us that both water and milk were not cheap and were not always available.

Apart from the church, what other public building was there than the public-house? "Light, heat, cooking facilities, furniture, newspapers, social life, it was a formidable list of what the public house offered the poor. Ah, but if only the poor had saved their drink-money and spent it on improving their homes..." The best of the reformers were men who could

see the paths of all this without condescending to it. A vicious circle is not just a matter of vice. The reformers' struggle is all the more poignant for its energy and humanity. Even when they managed to distinguish clearly between drinking, drunkenness and alcoholism, they were still doomed to an eternal bitter struggle between liberal and radical reform. Education versus prohibition.

To some men the essential thing, the only practicable thing, was the provision of comfortable attractions and moral persuasion. To others this was mere trifling. To the prohibitionists, their prudent colleagues were too temperate, too worm-eaten with tolerance. And yet the prohibitionists were themselves cankered with teetotalism. "They have each one swallowed a Pope," said Cardinal Manning. Their story certainly was a liquor which damaged their judgement.

"Drink and the Victorians" is too humane, various and subtle a work of social and political history to receive summary justice. In only one fundamental respect does it make a false decision. It says nothing whatsoever about the attitudes to drink which have such compassionate vividness in Victorian literature. Any account of drink and the Victorians must be drastically curtailing its understanding of how public opinion becomes a living pulse if it dispenses with the accuracy of writers such as Dickens or George Eliot.

...and the people's friend

THE VICTORIANS read three-volume novels like we watch television. They didn't buy them, because the price was too high (31s 6d for each work). Instead, they subscribed a guinea a year to Mudie's Select Library.

Charles Edward Mudie, a Scotsman and a Dissenter, went into business in London in 1842. There were no public libraries in those days. He circulated history, travel and poetry (1,000 copies of "Idylls of The King") and even bound volumes of magazines, but far the greatest part of his business was in fiction. "We have become a novel-reading people, from the Prime Minister down to the last-appointed scullery-maid," wrote Trollope in 1870.

At the height of his spectacular career, according to Mudie's Circulating Library and the Victorian Novel by Guinevere L. Griest (David & Charles, £3.30, pp. 288) he is reckoned to have had 50,000 subscribers from comfortable families. And that was where the

GAVIN EWART

trouble began. He had to censor. He also tended to support novels in three volumes, for him the most profitable form. Matthew Arnold didn't approve, nor did Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins; George Eliot didn't like it. Gissing wrote of it: "George Mudie was furious. Dickens and Thackeray relied on serial publication."

Publishers acquiesced. Mudie's circulation guaranteed them a market, even though his terms prevented a cheap edition being published for a full year. Multiple editions, digressions, cliff-hanging endings for volumes and a good deal of sheer padding often went into them.

By the 1890s shorter, more dramatic novels in one volume, by writers like Stevenson and Conrad, began to be popular. Kipling wrote an epitaph for the three-decker, praising its escapism: "She's taking tired people to the Islands of the Blest!"

Who's for television?

Turbulent priest

WHO CARES by Nicolas Stacey
Blond £2.50

PADDY KITCHEN

CHURCHMEN such as Nicolas Stacey, who through their reforming zeal reach notoriety, are usually presented to the public in a very superficial way. This enables conservatives within the Church to denounce parish activities like bingo and coffee bars as *acrid*; cynics outside to think the Church must indeed have fallen on spiritually impoverished times if all it can do is copy the more tarnished leisure pursuits of modern society; and disaffected people inside to imagine that they do have pop music at matins it will be bad pop.

Who Cares shows up the laziness behind these reactions. It is an autobiographical account of Stacey's life within the Church, from his first feelings that he (highly gifted and intelligent) was experiencing the aftermath of (Irishness) to his relinquishing the Rectory of Woolwich for mainly secular activities.

As befits the work of a journalist, the writing is incisive and well-ordered. Although not a profound theologian or philosopher, he does not beg any of the questions raised by his experiences. The major part of the book concerns his ministry at Woolwich: the initial enthusiasm and revivalism, followed by disillusionment. This was succeeded by a more radical plan in which the members of the ministry each increased their secular activities, thus joining more easily with the normal life of the local community. Of the earlier period, Stacey writes: "The agony of so much of our pastoral work was that the things people did want from us—the aim of a safe, cheap abortionist, the loan of £20 to cover their car, or a new husband—were unwelcome or unable to provide." His contribution was to inaugurate the Quadrant Housing Association which turned out to be the most useful and satisfying experience of his public life.

The book provides an analysis of the inadequacies of the Anglican Church, and an outline of the way in which the team at Woolwich tried to combat them. Stacey finds very much that some of his writings and suggestions caused animosity to be heaped upon him. It later was accepted as the norm—often when the relevant situation had deteriorated almost beyond repair.

It isn't just personal pride that takes him mind. He does care very much what happens to the church. He would far rather see an essential message reach the widest world by way of halls and shops and houses, than just the ringing congregations in lofty dilapidated churches.

OUT OF ORKNEY

PITCHED HIGH, grave, elegiac, austere, the "saga voice" of George Mackay Brown is not tuned to the modern ear. Or the other way round. Yet such is the power of his purity, the persuasion of his meticulous craftsmanship, that he rings truer than many more "modern" poets. He is certainly one of the most considerable artists writing now in verse, and these two new books must enhance his already high reputation.

If I could be sure of not being misunderstood, I would suggest that in his narrowness lies his strength. He is not narrow in the ordinary sense of provincialism, but in the sense of his narrower than the total span of human possibility—but as an Orkneyman writing in and out of the Orkneys, he manages to generate intense energy by compressing the spring of impulse tight within the narrow limits of locality and legend. He fires not a scattergun but a crossbow; the bolt flies short, but hard and true.

His new poem-cycle *Fishermen With Ploughs* (Hogarth, £1.25) sings us a saga of the island: colonised from Norway by voyagers in sight from starvation and pestilence following the death of their god, the beautiful Balder; the vicissitudes of the centuries, a sort of social evolution: people caught up in the wheel of "brind" (the both brutal and holy). Then the decline, the vulgarisation of Progress, impoverishment, depopulation; and lastly the new voyagers appearing on the island's shore after the dragon, black pentecost fire "has fallen on a city. Their vicissitudes and social growth."

MAURICE WIGGIN

If Mr Brown did not persuade us otherwise we might begin to suspect a sort of romanticism, easy to parody; but it is not so, his values are firm, he is as modern as he need be, he sees to the heart of social organisation, his eye is alive, his language is glorious. A fine achievement.

In *Poems New and Selected* (Hogarth £1.25) he offers us 14 new poems and a selection from *Loaves and Fishes* (1959) and *The Year of the Whale* (1965). Though always his own man, it is possible to detect his debts to Gerard Manley Hopkins (of whom he made a special study), Dylan Thomas, and even, at ironic and epigrammatic moments, Auden, who is so unkind to him, verse "Hail" (p. 56). There is a slight tendency to repeat his favourite images: "ale, bread and had-docks," the silent shouts of fishes' gaping mouths. His imagery recurs: he is in thrall to it.

But the control, resource and precision of his use of language distinguishes him from the horde of poetsasters who think it is only necessary to have poetic feelings in order to be a poet. He is a master of language, the way right to the heart, but it would be marvellous now if he could cast himself recklessly adrift on the far shore of an utterly different environment, a squalid modern city, Shepherds Bush, the Bowers, Birmingham: it might be a rebirth, a new song if only a scream of horror, a new idiom, a new myth.

Hunt the patient

THE CRISIS OF PSYCHOANALYSIS by Erich Fromm/Cape £2.95
PSYCHOTHERAPY EAST AND WEST by Alan W Watts/Cape £1.60
ANTHONY STORR

BOTH THESE BOOKS, in very different ways, pose a perennial and now fashionable problem. Is psychoanalysis (and the various therapies derived from it) really a way of helping sick individuals, or is it merely a method of adjusting rebellious people to a sick culture?

Erich Fromm is already well known by virtue of many books, but his eye is alive, his language is glorious. A fine achievement. In *Poems New and Selected* (Hogarth £1.25) he offers us 14 new poems and a selection from *Loaves and Fishes* (1959) and *The Year of the Whale* (1965). Though always his own man, it is possible to detect his debts to Gerard Manley Hopkins (of whom he made a special study), Dylan Thomas, and even, at ironic and epigrammatic moments, Auden, who is so unkind to him, verse "Hail" (p. 56). There is a slight tendency to repeat his favourite images: "ale, bread and had-docks," the silent shouts of fishes' gaping mouths. His imagery recurs: he is in thrall to it.

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Freud's libido theory also mirrors his social situation in another sense. It is based on the

concept of scarcity, assuming that all human strivings for lust result from the need to rid oneself of unpleasant tensions. Rather than that lust is a phenomenon of abundance aiming at a greater intensity and depth of human experience.

This is an important observation, explaining much which strikes the observer as negative in conventional psychoanalytic thinking. Fromm is always worth reading, although some of these essays date from as long ago as 1932. His determination to apply psychoanalytic principles to "humanistic principles" is admirable. We have, for far too long, assumed that the satisfaction of material needs will necessarily bring happiness. But I am less certain that Fromm's rather vague humanism is the answer.

Can men be persuaded to seek goals other than the materialistic without the dynamic of religion? In this context Alan Watts' book is relevant. Eastern "ways of liberation" are compared to Western psychotherapies, and both are criticised for taking too little account of the cultural background against which they operate. Alan Watts is invariably a clear exponent of difficult matters. His account of the Buddhist conception of all human conflict arising from separating

form from context, and ego from Self, makes clear how very differently human distress is viewed in the East. But to accept that the ego, and therefore the will, is a fiction, will be found too difficult by most Westerners. Freud believed that, by making the unconscious conscious, man could learn to exercise more control and strengthen his ego. The Eastern ideal of abolishing it, and thus of simply "being lived" instead of planning or striving is appealing, especially to the young of today. But it is a passive ideal, based on resignation and opting out; and the parts of the world from which it originates are just those which would most benefit from Western dynamism and the will to improve material conditions.

Indeed, it is timely that these two books appear contemporaneously. The East has something to offer the rich societies of the West; although no one, to my mind, has yet succeeded in formulating this in a way which will command general acceptance. What the West has to offer the East is more obvious and perhaps even more important. Both psychotherapy and religion are apt to appear otiose if and if homeless, starving, or dying of cholera.

Reading between the leaves

WORLD OF SHAKESPEARE: Plants by Alan Dent/Osprey £1.20
GEOFFREY GRIGSON

SHAKESPEARE, Frank Kermode observed recently, was a man who made raids into knowledge, a characteristic of great writers, men of intellect and intellectual inquisitiveness who leave exhaustive learning to the learned.

In his time gardens received new plants with a sudden plenitude, men were newly inquisitive about every plant from a daffodil to sweet potatoes (Falstaff's aphrodisiac potatoes) from the New World or Crown Imperials from Constantinople. Shakespeare raided this new knowledge of plants—he certainly raided John Gerard's outrageous, if rather well-written, *Herbal*. Sometimes he would come back only with a name—such as Crown Imperial.

I read or listen to *Perdita* and feel it unlikely that even a goddess on the field of Enna would have been picking a mixed bunch of daffodils, violets, strawberries—and tall, stout, princely Coronals. Shakespeare said, *humble* he means what a dropped from Dis's wagon. It was the name Shakespeare had snatched—that wonderful new name, belonging to something about as novel and unfamiliar as a medal-winning introduction at Chelsea.

Other poets picked up Crown Imperial, Chapman before Shakespeare, Jonson after. Shakespeare, I doubt if any of them knew it from a Bo Tree; which wouldn't have upset Shakespeare, had you faced him with the fact, and which isn't the kind of thing which upsets Alan Dent in his *World of Shakespeare* and plants. He cannot forget that Shakespeare wrote plays and that flower speeches, whether involving Prosperine in Dis's wagon or Ophelia in the willow brook, are parts of a drama. So he recalls this or that flower moment in the theatre, Shakespeare's flowers prompting him also to a swipe at Shakespeare's editors.

Some things he advances I am not swallowing. He is Scot, he believes that when Shakespeare said, *humble* he means what a dropped from Dis's wagon. It was the name Shakespeare had snatched—that wonderful new name, belonging to something about as novel and unfamiliar as a medal-winning introduction at Chelsea. I read or listen to *Perdita* and feel it unlikely that even a goddess on the field of Enna would have been picking a mixed bunch of daffodils, violets, strawberries—and tall, stout, princely Coronals. Shakespeare said, *humble* he means what a dropped from Dis's wagon. It was the name Shakespeare had snatched—that wonderful new name, belonging to something about as novel and unfamiliar as a medal-winning introduction at Chelsea.

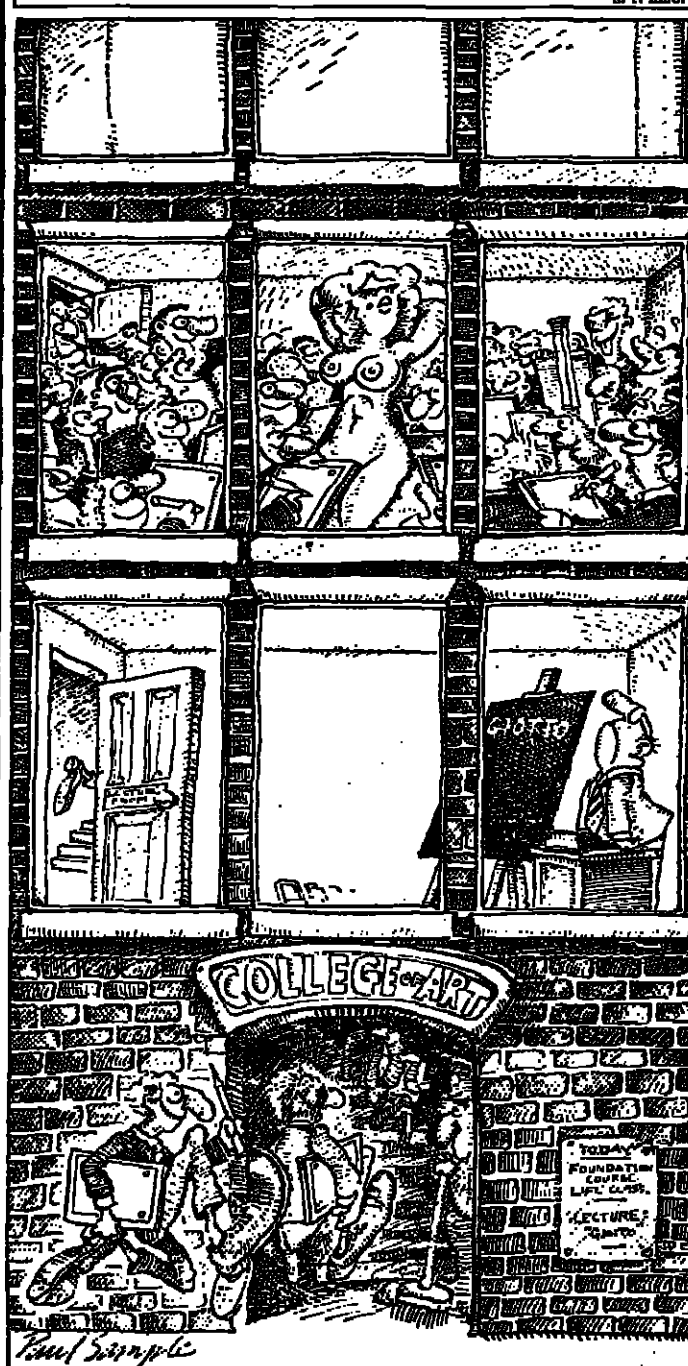
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Not all courses are dull! for the interesting ones turn to pages 30 and 31.

ONCE, IN THE THROES OF research and anxious that I should not assume what I had set out to prove, I decided that I needed some porno photographs—not just tits 'n' ass but the real sado-masochistic nitty-gritty. Whenever I went into Soho porn shops the attendants pointedly ignored me, and as the stuff I wanted was not on display, I knew I could never get it that way. So I delegated a friend who went off on his errand with zest, after practising in front of the mirror his imitation of an addict of *le vice anglais*.

He slunk into the first likely shop he came across and lurked about until the assistant asked him kindly what he wanted. "Got any discipline and bondage?" he muttered. "Just hang on a moment," said the assistant, "I'll fetch the governor." In his innocence my emissary had no idea that he might be taken up by the law, so he began to edge towards the door, but this furtiveness only engaged the assistant further. "No, no sir, don't rush off. He'll be here directly." When the governor materialised he was a great fat personage, all nods and becks and wretched smiles to put my friend at ease.

He asked my friend to follow him as he led the way out of the shop into a nearby doorway and up three flights of stairs. A much-locked door was opened and the porn merchant displayed his wares, spread thinly upon several tables pushed against the dirty walls. Swallowing his disgust and anger and aware of the need to escape, my friend snatched up six packets at random. "Six quid," smiled the merchant. He paid and fled back to the restaurant where we were waiting.

Each packet held three photographs of women, women bound, women gagged, women lashed to bedsteads, to racks, with whips, scourges, knouts, by other women. Their eyes were always turned to the camera, empty, meek, expressionless, like the eyes of laden donkeys. Even when they were obediently making as if to scream, the blankness of their eyes did not change.

Besides manacles, leg irons, spiked belts and gags, they wore immensely complicated and constricting underwear of satin, rubber and lace, high heels and stockings. Their faces were heavily made up in the style of the Fifties, when apparently the pictures had been taken.

More blotched, yellowed, furry images it would be hard to find, poorly printed on the cheapest paper, and for eighteen photographs my friend had paid 25p.

The exploitation of the customer's shame is only the last stage in a chain of exploitations. The women whose faces were so plainly visible must have been coerced, if only by poverty, but more probably by blackmail. The thousands of copies printed of their images had made fortunes for their owners for fifteen years or so.

There was no element of art, of drama, of excitement or participation; they were not beauties, but women one might see any

LOOK!

Edited by Allan Hall

Germaine Greer



Rotten to the hard core

day in the supermarket, their bodies marked by childbearing, hard work and unsuitable clothing.

Somewhere behind the hypnotic camera the *metteur-en-scène* had stood, commanding them to hold their wooden postures in a tableau of cruelty and despair. His only concern was the mechanism of the fetish, the quaint designs of torture, for in his market all other shortcomings would be forgiven as long as the dominant motif was correctly rendered. Illegality itself would not justify the high price; the true porn merchant receives his danger money many times over.

When its outer ramifications are so easily uncovered it ought to be a relatively simple proceeding for the police to track down the men who have made fortunes this way.

Such men are guilty of fraud, coercion and extortion, although what they are most likely to be accused of under the law is purveying obscene articles. The latter judgment would depend upon the judge's aesthetic sense, but any accusation on the former grounds would have more substance.

The real guilt of the fat proprietor of the porn shop is like that of the men who rob alcoholics when they are helpless and then force them to commit crimes in exchange for a ration of booze, or like the straight who turns women on to prostitution by hooking them on heroin. The core of the crime is not the means, the alcohol, the drug, or the sex, but the exercise of power over others for gain, the

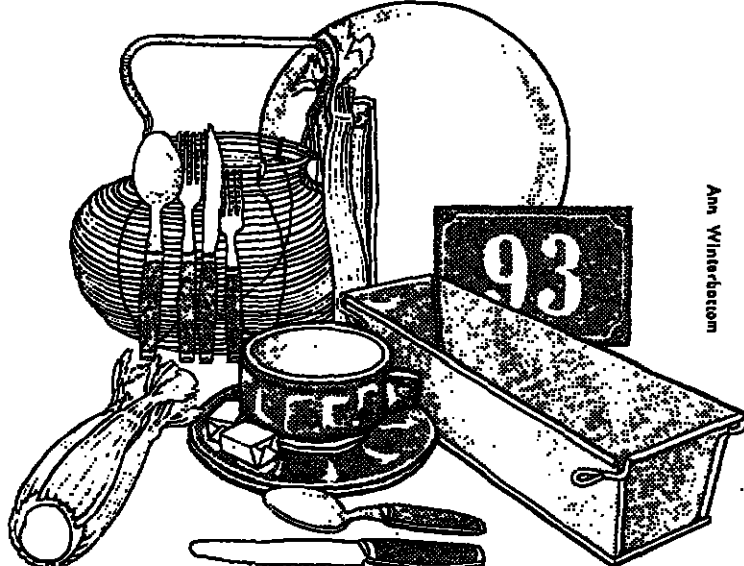
heart and soul of gangsterism. And yet is not salesmanship an exercise of the same kind? Does not a market researcher study the ways in which a potential buyer can be made to want a product which he did not need before? What more does my merchant of porno pics do than satisfy a need in the population at the highest price he can command? He need not even admit to the greater responsibility of creating a need where one did not exist before. But he does exploit the secrecy and guilt which only illegality could assure.

But justice traditionally addresses itself to the commodity rather than its purveyor, and so it merely increases the market value of drink, drugs and sex. The Mafia remains enthroned in the heart of America because it is primarily a very good family business, which takes very good care of its own.

The efforts of the law-enforcers to stamp out heroin and prostitution are a useless expenditure of energy and funds as long as the rationale of competition and individual gain, regardless of the requirements of the community as a whole, is tacitly accepted. It is quite certain that the purveyors of pictorial discipline and bondage make money, but it is very much less clear whether they corrupt or deprave anybody. The group who first saw the photographs when my friend threw them down on the restaurant table was of a normally developed size for its sex, and inquiring cast, but we all gazed blankly at what seemed to us to be utterly unexciting. We were looking at a key for which we had no need. Without the already developed need for it, such satisfaction was merely incomprehensible and dreary.

The real agent of corruption in these cases is probably not in the least pornographic, perhaps a repressive upbringing, in which the father has become associated with pleasure. As Angelo discovered in *Measure for Measure*, nothing corrupts like virtue.

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RICHARD DARE runs a marvellous kitchen shop at 93 Regent's Park Road, London NW1, full of things which good cooks need. Here we have assembled a group of traditional French items from his shop.

The salad shaker is 69p. The large white flat plate at the back is traditionally used for flat tarts or flans but would also make a good cheese plate. £1.75.

The French silver number plates come in blue and white and cost £1.10 each. All numbers up to 100 are available.

Traditional French bistro

cutlery: large fork 47p, small fork 35p, serving spoon 50p, dessertspoon 47p, teaspoon 35p, knives (whether dessert, table or steak) 37p each.

Traditional bistro coffee cup and saucer in bottle-green with gold-leaf edging. Two sizes, breakfast cup, holding 1 pint, 99p, after-dinner size 70p.

The oblong tin has folding or collapsible sides so that when the cake or pâté or galantine is ready the sides are unclipped and the complete shape can easily be lifted out. It is in three sizes, 70p, 80p and 90p.

WOMAN'S ROLE

How bored I am becoming with these frantic females bursting their corsets trying to be the equals of men. They always compare themselves with men rather than with women, to the detriment of their own nature. There is nothing that a woman can do, apart from bearing children, that a man can't do better. The type of woman most men admire is the one who marries and has children, for whom she provides an emotionally secure background. —Letter to Manchester Evening News.

As with any commercial which leans heavily on the window dressing (or undressing) the product tends to get in the way of the interesting bit and you might find yourself resenting the rum for blocking your view of the boobs. —Review of a Baccardi rum commercial in TV Mail.

The botanists have revealed that, like most females, plants can be tricked. —Graham Rose in The Sunday Times.

A cut off the cost

OUR FINAL cheap recipe chosen by Caroline Conran from the 1,000 sent us in our competition is for spiced brislet. It wins 22 for Mrs Margaret Ellis of St John's House, Borth, Cardiganshire.

1 piece lean rolled brislet, salt and pepper, hot water, cloves, 1 tea-cup white breadcrumbs, 1 beaten egg.

Rub salt and pepper into the surface of the meat and stick in six cloves. Put meat in pan, add hot water, cover and simmer until tender (two or three hours according to size). Remove from pan and drain well. Mix together beaten egg and breadcrumbs and spread this paste over the meat. Cook in a greased meat tin in moderate oven (about 350 deg. mark) for 20 minutes until golden brown. Make gravy with some of the liquid. Serve with colourful fresh vegetables.

Caroline says this is a delicious way of boiling beef. "The liquid makes a marvellous soup the next day and the brislet can be eaten hot or cold in sandwiches if there is some leftover, with pickled cucumbers and English mustard."

An inquest showed, after due dissection, that their affair had been smothered with affection. —Roland Faulkner

From Hair to Ascot

THE SECRET of Michael Butler's life, he tells me, is that "my friends are my business." They each spill over into the other; he won't do business with people he doesn't like and there are apparently no unproductive friends.

He is one of those tall, casual, flamboyant-looking men who seem to have so much going for them you wonder what unfair apportioning gave him money as well. His family are rich and important in America and he started work conventionally enough in the family paper and printing business. He did all right there, too, though his methods were anything but conventional. In the end the gap in approach and style was too big and he left.

It was "Hair" that changed his life. Until then he'd been wavering between the rival charms of the theatre and politics. He heard about this show down in the Village and went to see it. "It just blew my mind. It was badly produced and had the wrong people in it, but it just had something. I set about getting the rights, and eventually brought it to Broadway."

Even now he is still amazed by "Hair." "It created such enormous social change. It's opened up a lot of eyes and I'm still involved with many of the foreign presentations. It has also made him rich. 'I'm sheltered from want,' is how he puts it. 'I enjoy life a lot more than people with inadequate means but remember I don't draw a penny from my family.'"

The theatre interests him most at the moment. "What I want to do is set up an international consortium of producers so that every time I find something that really moves me I know there'll be a bunch of people who will have the right of first sight of it and can be relied on to produce it properly."

"Frankenstein is my next really exciting project—this'll be a rock musical based on the novel by Mary Shelley. I think it's one of the greatest books ever written—it's really all about the problems of lack of communication and love and it's so beautifully written."

On a summer Sunday at the house he's taken at Ascot the place is milling with friends and all of a sudden the door can't be opened. "I'm involved in one or other of his projects. There is Red Shepherd, a former Berger of 'Hair,' with whom Michael Butler is going to produce records, starting with the rock mass produced at St John's Divin in New York. There is David Cammell with whom he's working on a film and planning a jaunt into the Atlas Mountains. There's Bill Manville who's turning Boris Godunov into a pop opera. And there are plans for



Polo-playing Michael Butler: 35 ponies and 10 grooms

turning Aldous Huxley's last book "Island" into a film.

Then, of course, there's his polo. He's played it all his life. "In America," somebody told me, "his family practically are polo." He injured his arm as a child but he still plays a good enough game for him and his team to beat other top teams fairly consistently. At Ascot he has something like 35 ponies and 10 grooms to look after them.

Michael eloped in his early twenties, his second wife is now married to a very English banker and he's just had a third divorce.

He doesn't think he will get married again. "I don't believe in the institution. I think it's a good way to spoil a good love affair. I've got one on already and I'd like more children, but that's really up to the lady."

Lucia van der Post

COUPLES by Calman



Herr Hummel's big berries

GARDENING

TWO remarkable strawberries have made history in the fruit world over the past two years. They are Grantee and Gento, raised by Rheinhold Hummel in Stuttgart, and now protected by Plant Breeders Rights. So Sunday Times readers are indeed fortunate to have a special offer of pot-grown plants of these two varieties from Ken Muir, a specialist grower and propagator of berries fruits at Clacton-on-Sea, who introduced Grantee to Britain five years ago.

Grantee, formerly known as Hummi Grundi, is a second early strawberry which produces a heavy crop of extremely large, well flavoured fruits. The yield per plant is up to two pounds, with berries weighing as much as three ounces and more not uncommon. These are bright crimson with tender red flesh throughout. Grantee is now becoming more popular even than Royal Sovereign because of its size, bountiful yield, fine flavour and resistance to disease.

Gento, a sister variety to Grantee, is generally accepted as the best Autumn-fruiting "perpetual" strawberry cultivar. It crops twice during the summer, first in July and then after a short rest again in late August-October or until frost. Cloches in September encourage the ripening of additional fruits for about three weeks longer. It is a prolific



The bigness of Grantee: £1.35 will bring you 10 plants

cropper, bearing fruits on the few new runners at the same time as the parent plant. Unlike other "perpetuals," it is well worth growing for a second year's fruiting as the size of the berry is not impaired. Gento produces medium to large, wedge-shaped berries of superb flavour.

Strawberries can find a home in almost every garden, no matter how small. Where space is limited, grow them in barrels, tubs, window-boxes, pots or other containers. For this purpose, Grantee is ideal. Containers with a depth of no fewer than nine or ten inches, with holes for ade-

quate drainage, should be filled with a proprietary compost, rich in moisture-retaining compost. If the containers can be brought indoors and placed on sunny ledges or on a shelf near the light in the greenhouse in February (not before), the plants can be forced into fruit earlier than in the open.

August and September are the ideal months for planting strawberries. Choose a sunny, well-drained, but moist position. Enrich the soil with well-rotted manure, garden compost or peat stepped up with bone meal. The pot-grown plants should not be

LOOK!

"WHAT WE WANT," said the man, sipping a gin on the double-decker bus, Victoriana and London to be sold in the same breath: gondolas and Venice."

Victoriana is a movable feast. It's an ex-London Transport B omnibus transfigured by £10,000 into a passing replica of Queen Victoria's railway carriage, red plush and brass and panelling. Downstairs, a chef is in kitchen; upstairs, there's room for 23 people to watch the sights. Victorian London and lunch, dine with wine all in for £3.75 head.

On the Press outing last week cocktails were more shaken than stirred. One does not eat with the bus is moving, but we're glad to say shock absorbers are prominent. Later, the owner of Grangecroft Ltd, of 706, Park West, W2 (Tel. 402 6771), has to run Regency and other parties with buses to match. At they'll also be available for charter—a day at the races, for instance.

We hope it's not an omen that on the first outing, the Victoriana was reserved not for the Victorian decor but for ultra-modern serving lift in the microwave kitchen.

THE SAYINGS of Nanny: to be published ("Leave bit for Manners," "Nobli comes off but buttons," "Die Lady Avebury is editing the book and Sir Hugh Cassons will ill treat it. They would be grateful for any Nanny sayings—partly from Nannies at 47 De Street, London W1V 6HX.

If devaluation of the dollar goes any lower it will end up in debasement.

Darrel Catlin

The English have been doing it all wrong for years.



It's no wonder the English have a reputation for being cold in bed. It's the bedclothes they use. They're so restricting, they're more of a hindrance than a help. But that's no excuse any more. Because under a Slumberdown continental quilt you can be as free as you like.

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Instead, there's all the soft, seductive warmth of natural down

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Gardening

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We have very large stocks of best quality medium sized trees, shrubs, etc. due mainly to postal strikes. Take advantage of these splendid bargains while they last. Over 1000 plants at 50p each. Some 500 plants at 25p each. Some 500 plants at 10p each. Some 500 plants at 5p each. Some 500 plants at 2p each. Some 500 plants at 1p each. Some 500 plants at 50p each. Some 500 plants at 25p each. Some 500 plants at 10p each. Some 500 plants at 5p each. Some 500 plants at 2p each. Some 500 plants at 1p each.

Japanese Azaleas, 3 for £1.50. Hydrangeas, 3 for £1.50. Camellias, 3 for £1.50. Magnolias, 3 for £1.50. Rhododendrons, 3 for £1.50. Lilacs, 3 for £1.50. Forsythias, 3 for £1.50. Viburnums, 3 for £1.50. Weigelas, 3 for £1.50. Spirea, 3 for £1.50. Prunella, 3 for £1.50. Lavender, 3 for £1.50. Rosemary, 3 for £1.50. Thyme, 3 for £1.50. Basil, 3 for £1.50. Parsley, 3 for £1.50. Chives, 3 for £1.50. Dill, 3 for £1.50. Fennel, 3 for £1.50. Coriander, 3 for £1.50. Mint, 3 for £1.50. Lemon balm, 3 for £1.50. Peppermint, 3 for £1.50. Eucalyptus, 3 for £1.50. Geranium, 3 for £1.50. Petunia, 3 for £1.50. Marigold, 3 for £1.50. Zinnia, 3 for £1.50. Cosmos, 3 for £1.50. Sunflower, 3 for £1.50. Gladiolus, 3 for £1.50. Iris, 3 for £1.50. Tulip, 3 for £1.50. Narcissus, 3 for £1.50. Daffodil, 3 for £1.50. Crocus, 3 for £1.50. Anemone, 3 for £1.50. Ranunculus, 3 for £1.50. Primrose, 3 for £1.50. Pansy, 3 for £1.50. Viola, 3 for £1.50. Impatiens, 3 for £1.50. Begonia, 3 for £1.50. Fuchsia, 3 for £1.50. 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Fennel, 3 for £1.50. Coriander, 3 for £1.50. Mint,

IN MY FASHION

SHOP TALK

by Ernestine Carter



Hair by Colene at the House of Leonard
Photographs by Julian Allson

THEA PORTER COUTURE
(left): Machine-smocking shapes a bodice in Abraham's cream silk, its blue-edged maroon Regency stripes broken by formalised blue flowers. £50 at Thea Porter. Navy patent pumps, bowed and bordered in navy peau de sole. £14.50 from Rayne, Old Bond Street. (Above) Hand-smocking ends a low V-neck in Brochier's black silk chiffon scattered with roses printed in cream and brown, and subre-cul in black. £107 at Thea Porter. Black suede strapped sandals. £19.95 at Russell & Bromley.

KEEPING UP

Thea Porter is moving faster than her diminutive size and whispery voice would lead you to believe. On May 16th, she announced her first ready-to-wear collection. The next day she opened her New York shop in one of East 6th Street's brownstone houses.

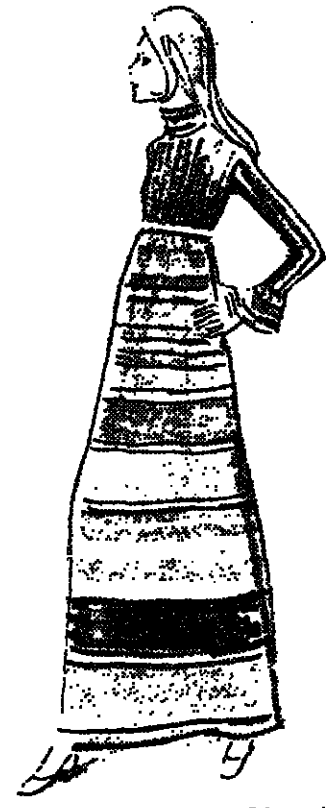
She really started spinning, she says, when she took her first collection to New York four years ago. Since then more than half her production has gone to the States.

At first her clothes were exclusive to Bendel's, but now she also sells to Bloomingdale's and at her

own shop. When the wholesale operation gets under way, she will be able to sell all over America and abroad, as well as here. The first ready-to-wear collection, mainly young party dresses, is priced from £25 to £45.

Her American plans, in association with her partner, Michael Butler, include men's clothes, perfumes and scarves.

All this is a dizzy spin from 1966, when Thea Porter, then an interior decorator, discovered that the 18th and 19th century Persian caftans she had bought to make into pillows were being snatched up by her customers to wear—a discovery that shot her into dress designing.



Drawing by James Farnsworth

● Laura Aponte is one of the great names in Italian knitwear, but, oddly enough, her clothes have not been seen much in this country. Now you can find them at Liberty's. Typical of her clever shaping is the dress sketched above: the top and sleeves rib-knit in black, silver-threaded; the skirt and ruffled cuffs plain-knit in vivid stripes. £75, exclusive to Liberty.



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Dress and jacket in finest Yorkshire worsted dog's tooth check. With toning velvet collar and buttons.

Anytime, anywhere, this outfit is 'just right'.

The jacket is lined but the dress, which has three-quarter length sleeves, is unlined.

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IT WAS PURELY by chance that last week I found myself lunching with two tailors, New Yorker, John Weitz, and Londoner, Doug Hayward. Each typifies the meritocracy of his home town. Each is a success by any yardstick. But two men more widely different would be hard to find.

Though their trades are similar, they are at opposite ends of the pole. One caters for the few, the other for the many. Their only similarity is their slender height; they are eyeball to eyeball at six foot three.

John Weitz, who says he wanted to be the first American to be a world wide designer switched from designing for women to designing for men seven years ago. His designs are now manufactured in the USA, Europe and Japan.

His is Big Business. Fourteen sales staffs cope with his production, "about 2,000 people, each a specialist in his field. The fields now embrace all items of menswear, including wrist-watches.

Mr Hayward (Doug or Douglas, he begs, anything but Doug) is a bespoke tailor. Where Mr Weitz has expanded his business to global proportions, Mr Hayward expands into other areas in order, he says, "to be free to run his own business without compromise." These other interests include the dining club which he started last year with the Earl of Lichfield (they resisted the temptation of calling it "Lord & Tailor" and settled for Burke's) a hair shop, "Cheevers" in Shepherd's Market, and, most recently, the Jamaica Pattie.

Mr Hayward is very enthusiastic about the Pattie. "It's like a Cornish pasty, very tasty; we sold 10,500 last week." He has set up a bakery and a small shop in the Portobello Road. "It's open till 10.30 every night, and Saturday afternoons I work there behind the counter. It's nice for me because that's where I come from."

Mr Weitz went to school in England (St Paul's, where John Cavanagh was a year ahead of him); Mr Hayward went to



JOHN WEITZ



DOUG HAYWARD

Southall Grammar School—"a bitter failure." Mr Weitz started work at 16. Mr Hayward beat him by a year. He started as an apprentice at 15 "at 30 bob a week. The fares to Regent Street were 15 shillings, two and tenpence went to National Insurance, ten shillings went to Mum and they left me two and twopenny."

To eke out, he took work home: a pair of sleeves for which he got one and six. "They took me all night," he remembers. "I got quite good at sleeves."

At eighteen he went into the Navy and when he came out, did one more year's apprenticeship. He was twenty-one when he started looking for a job in a shop. "I went in and said 'What about a job see?' and was told that they didn't want Cockney accents. Up to then, he hadn't realised he had an accent "because everybody I knew talked like me." No shop in Savile Row would take him, and he finally got a job in Shepherd's Bush "where everybody talks that way."

[He still has a lively trace, just enough to crisp his jokes.] Four years ago, he opened his present elegant premises in Mount Street. Designed by Ciancimino, the showroom has a floor of marble squares, banded in teak, walls of grey flannel, low stools in brown suede. The tailoring shop overlooks the church garden. There are ten in staff at Mount Street, twenty-five at the Fulham workshop.

Mr Hayward is really happy when he makes a good suit. "I doubt if Mr Weitz has ever dressed a private customer. He is a theorist, a designer, who has won many awards, was one of the first men to be on the Best Dressed List, is now in their Hall of Fame."

Mr Hayward used to go to Rome and to America "to look around. It gives me a charge. California is my sort of fantasy land," but since Burke's opened he's been tied to Clifford Street. "I lunch every day and dine three times a week. I've had my best and my worst moments there."

thing that goes wrong is blamed on the Mayor. He seemed rather surprised that the English (ie. the Press and Mr Hayward) were so sympathetic to Mr Lindsay's change of political heart.

Between jet hops, he has found time to write a book "The Value of Nothing" which tore the covers off the Seventh Avenue rag trade. He is now writing another—quite different, he says, "reassuring, actually."

In a way, one feels, he resents the pressures of bigness, although he chose to be big. "In the USA, we're so concerned with marketing. The marketing people tell us what to make. We can't sell side vented suits; we must have suits with back vents. IBM machines tell us that this year shoulders have grown an inch. Bodies are getting bigger. 747 seats are bigger. The Japanese are growing bigger."

Men, it seems, are not only growing bigger, they are growing differently. In fact, says Mr Hayward, they are changing their shapes. When trousers had tight waistbands and pleats in front, they bulged below. Now that trousers are snugly fitted and flat in front, they bulge above.

The contrast between the two men extends to their ideas about fashion. Mr Weitz essentially designs for men like himself (younger versions, he would say)—extrovert, outdoors (he is a keen sailor and used to be a crack racing driver), informal, sporting clothes for non-sportsmen ("the best sport is loafing"). He sees "adapted work clothes as the clothes of the future."

Mr Hayward didn't prophesy. He merely noted that lots of his customers had gone hippie. "They'd come in in their shirts and beads saying they'd never wear suits again. Now they're back. Look at Fred Astaire—his sort of elegance will always be elegant."

What they were wearing illustrated their different points of view. Mr Weitz suit (his own design) was a cool, casual cotton woven in blue and white checks. "That's a very good suit," said Mr Hayward. "So off the peg," replied Mr Weitz proudly. Mr Hayward's suit (his own make) was a formally tailored olive drab saxony cloth. Neither of us asked how much it cost.

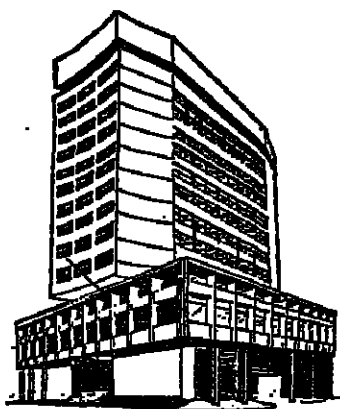


Tipperary to the Taj Mahal.

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ADVERTISEMENT FEATURE

The Traveller's Guide to Good Eating



Cavendish Hotel

A stone's throw from Piccadilly, in fashionable Jermyn Street, the Ribblesdale Room at the Cavendish Hotel, specialises in a round-the-clock service.

The Restaurant's attractive modern decor and friendly staff, make eating a pleasure, and the cuisine is unpretentious but of a very high standard. The Ribblesdale Room is open 24 hours a day and the breakfasts, which can be obtained long before dawn, are claimed, by the clientele, to be the best in London.

Jermyn Street, London, SW1
Telephone: 01-930 2111. Telex: 263187. Cables: Rosatel, London, SW1



The Swan

Managers: Mr. & Mrs. J. J. Cooper-Mitchell

Once described by E. V. Lucas as "the most ingeniously placed inn in the world" this 15th century inn carries the arms of the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Leonfield. It was the first home of the "Ancient Order of Frothblowers" and is now the haunt of artists and fishermen. Listed as an historic building, the "Swan" is residential and A.A. and R.A.C. appointed.

Fittleworth

Telephone: Fittleworth Sussex 429



Combe Grove

Proprietors: Mrs Audrey Easter

There could be no more ideal a sanctuary or winter nesting ground than this eighteenth century country house hotel. Here people come to look at the birds or admire the variety of trees in the extensive woodlands.

Pitched on the edge of a hill, five minutes from Bath, it is renowned for its good food (Egon Ronay recommended) and magnificent unspoilt views... good cheer, hospitality, and centrally heated Christmas.

Monkton Combe, Bath BA2 7HS

Telephone: Combe Down 3341

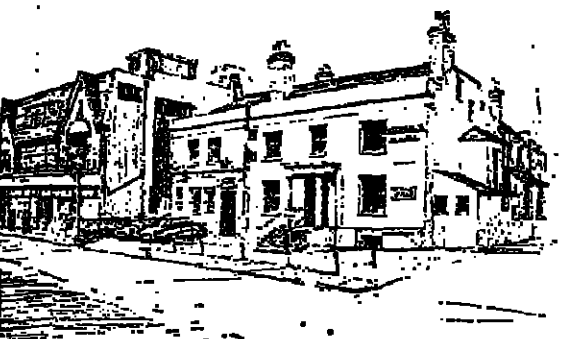


The Dorny House Hotel

Proprietor: Hugh Ross Corbett

If you are lucky enough to be visiting the Cotswolds your stay will not be complete without a visit to the Dorny House Restaurant. Set high on Wiltshire Hill, the superb views of the Vale of Evesham are only equalled by the cuisine. At the Dorny one can either relax over a drink in one of the bars, or dine by candlelight in the restaurant or the buttery. The menu—ranging from traditional English fare to French Provencal—is changed every week and the restaurant comes under the personal supervision of the owner Hugh Ross Corbett. Surrounded by an 18-hole golf course the hotel offers excellent accommodation. Each of the 26 rooms is centrally heated with bathroom en suite. The happy blend of old-world charm and modern comfort, together with superb touring country, guarantee a very memorable stay.

Wiltshire Hill, Broadway, Worcestershire
Telephone: Broadway 2241



The Sussex Hotel

Managers: Mr. and Mrs. H. Keenleyside

A small residential hotel situated in the main street of Bognor. It has a Georgian exterior tastefully modernised with comfortable bars and a restaurant seating 80, which is open to non-residents.

High Street, Bognor Regis
Telephone: Bognor Regis 29140

The Old Hall
A Schooner Inn

A stately white building set in spacious grounds on Tamworth Road, just outside Coventry, the Old Hall offers three bars—Guinevere's Bar, The Knight's Bar and Arthur's Hall—plus two restaurants all with a novel and exciting decor on a Camelot theme. In the two restaurants, Pendragon's Pantry on the ground floor and the Squire's Kitchen, reached by the grand and imposing spiral staircase, patrons can choose from a superb menu which includes T-bone, rump and sirloin steaks, chicken, gammon and pineapple, and popular fish dishes. The prices are very reasonable, the total cost of a meal being around a pound or even less. This includes the main course, all the trimmings and a sweet or selection from the cheeseboard and a roll and butter.

An evening at the Old Hall will certainly be memorable, although inexpensive.

Tamworth Road, Keresley, Coventry



The Bell House

Proprietors: Newling Ward Hotels Limited
Manager: Frederick Clarke

Considered by many to be the finest small Country Hotel in England, the Bell House cossets its guests in unspoiled luxury and delights their palates with its superb cuisine and the rarest of wines.

The Bell House is ideal for that long, lazy weekend, as a touring centre for the West Country, or purely as a relaxing place to sample the delights of the Restaurant.

The Hotel has recently changed hands and is now owned by a small company specialising in the operation of country hotels, while the standards for which the Bell House has become famous will be maintained some of the anomalies in the price structure have been revised.

Sutton Benger, Nr. Chippenham, Wiltshire

Telephone: Seagry 336 or 401



The George-in-the-Tree

A Schooner Inn

This historic coaching inn is over 300 years old, and its unusual name was inspired by an incident when King George IV, on a hunting trip, sheltered in a nearby tree, from a sudden thunderstorm, and afterwards refreshed himself at the inn. There are three bars, including the Bark and Bite, which is dominated by a huge sculptured tree, the intimate and tastefully decorated Rooster Bar and the comfortable Prince's Perch. The Bark and Bite Restaurant and the Rooster Restaurant offer a choice of superb sillet, sirloin and T-bone steaks, as well as more exotic dishes such as Coq-au-vin and Duck à l'Orange. Whilst the food is of the highest quality, the prices are extremely low. About a pound covers the main course, vegetables or salad, roll and butter, and a sweet or selection from the cheeseboard.

The George-in-the-Tree is situated at Balsall Common, a few miles south of Coventry, and is well worth a visit.

Kenilworth Road, Balsall Common, Warwick



Dunblane Hydro

A Reo Skalks Hotel

Dunblane Hydro, in the heart of Perthshire—first-class bedrooms, many with private bath, spacious dining rooms, attractive bars, large indoor heated swimming pool, tennis courts, within easy reach of facilities for fishing and two of Scotland's finest golf courses. The food is interesting and varied, well cooked and served.

Often referred to as Central Scotland's Entertainment Centre, Dunblane Hydro caters for all ages. Jim McLeod and his famous Band are resident, and the Hydro has its own superb Discotheque complete with refreshment and cocktail bars.

You can mix pleasure with business at Dunblane. The Home of Conferences for years, The Hydro accommodates 250 delegates. One hour from Edinburgh and Glasgow. Special family weekend rates available.

Dunblane, Perthshire, Scotland
Dunblane 2551

The Robin Hood
A Schooner Inn

Attractively situated on the edge of Richmond Park, the Robin Hood has a distinctive Sherwood Forest theme. The three bars, the Flying Arrow, the Swinging Friar and the Hide-Out, and the two restaurants, the Happy Haunch and the Treetops, reflect in name and decor the legend of Robin Hood. The superb menu includes sirloin, rump, T-bone and fillet steaks, roast duckling, scampi or sole—each at the very reasonable price of around a pound or even less, which covers a roll and butter, all the trimmings and a sweet or selection from the cheeseboard.

Patrons can be assured of a pleasant and inexpensive meal in fascinating and intimate surroundings.

Kingston Vale, London, S.W.15



The Bedford Arms Hotel

Proprietors: Newling Ward Hotels Limited
Manager: Michael Spratt

Woburn is probably the most complete, unspoilt Georgian town in England. The Bedford Arms is very much the focal point of the town and once a major posting house, has a fascinating history. Re-opening 6th September, after massive renovations, the Bedford Arms will provide its guests with every modern comfort, keeping past character and elegance. Twenty-six of the forty-one bedrooms have private bathrooms, all are centrally heated and provide radios, telephones and televisions. The restaurant will strive for the highest standards of cuisine and will provide an exciting and varied menu.

Woburn, Bedfordshire

Telephone: Woburn 441 or 221



The Crown

A Schooner Inn

A 300-year-old coaching house just south of Leicester, on the A6, the Crown has recently been extensively rebuilt and now offers two bars and a pinc-paneled restaurant on four split levels. The old world character has been retained in the tasteful decor of the Crown Bar, with its ancient timbers, the Glen Bar and the Sizzler Restaurant, which has a cathedral ceiling. The menu includes sirloin, rump and T-bone steaks, roast duckling, scampi and sole, which are each very reasonably priced at about a pound. This covers not only the main course, but also vegetables or salad, roll and butter, and a sweet or selection from the cheeseboard.

The Crown is undoubtedly one of the most fascinating and enjoyable drinking and dining venues in the Leicester area.

Great Glen, Leicester



The Normandy Hotel

A Reo Skalks Hotel

A new 150 bedroom luxury hotel in its own landscaped grounds situated at Inchinnan Road, Renfrew, Scotland, opened in 1971 by the Reo Skalks Organisation. Only one mile from Glasgow Airport, to which there are thirty scheduled flights per day from London, Manchester, Birmingham and all main airports.

The Normandy, 20 minutes from Glasgow's city centre, offers the highest standards in cuisine and service. All bedrooms have private bath, television, radio, etc., and are sound-proofed—excellent in every way for the businessman visiting the Glasgow area. The Normandy is also an ideal base for touring Scotland being within easy reach of the gorgeous Clyde Coast, the famous Burns Country, Loch Lomond, and the Trossachs. The Normandy has two magnificent banqueting and conference suites, one for up to 700 guests.

Renfrew, Scotland
Telephone: 041-826 4108



The Halland Hotel

Proprietor: Mr R. J. Ledger

Whether it's for a fortnight, a week or just a weekend, your stay at the Halland is something you will remember with pleasure. Water sports, golf, tennis, horseriding, fishing are all locally available. Nor will you forget the Halland's good food, comfortable rooms, bars, dancing, and direct access to the sands of Seagrove Bay. The Halland is the place to get away from it all and it's open all the year round (centrally heated, of course). For the perfect English Holiday, take advantage of the off-season rates.

Pier Road, Seaview, Isle of Wight

Telephone: Seaview 2222



Sopwell House Hotel

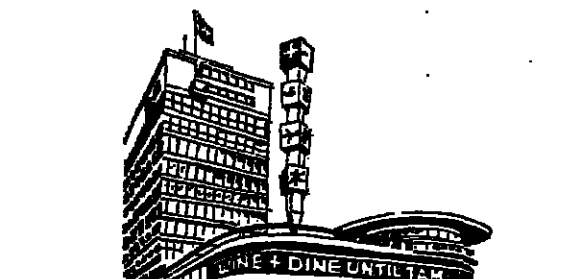
Proprietors: Newling Ward Hotels Limited
Manager: Edward Meyer

A charming Georgian mansion surrounded on one side by a Parisian businessman when asked how he knew of them. Rumpels modestly admits its connoisseur standards of cuisine can please even the most critical French palate. Their warm genuine friendliness is also well known: people remember the softly lit whispering quiet of the restaurant rooms, the peace, and the haunting beauty of Romney Marshes with big sunsets and miles and miles of waving rushes... To Stay—Rumpels Hotel entails the such, colour television, own carport, own bathroom suite, C.H., close carpeting and include morning tea and English Continental breakfast.

To Reach us—By road: Main A268 from London.
By Sea—Cross Channel Ferry to Dover.
By Air—Ashford Airport.

St. Albans, Hertfordshire

Telephone: St. Albans 64477



Swiss Centre Restaurants

When in London you must visit the Swiss Centre Restaurants, 4 restaurants under one roof with 4 different menus. 364 seats open 364 days a year from 11.30 hrs-11.00 hrs. (last orders midnight). You can obtain a hot meal anytime the restaurants are open. They are licensed and have a first-class cellar of Swiss Wines, Spirits and Liqueurs. We are renowned for after theatre suppers at reasonable prices. Tea, coffee and Swiss Gâteaux, made on the premises, are available every afternoon. There is a garage on the premises. The Gourmet Corner with a range of Swiss chocolates, meals, wines, gâteaux, cheese plus a big selection of gifts and souvenirs is open Monday to Friday until 20.00 hrs., Saturday 18.00 hrs.

2 New Coventry St., London, W.1
Telephone: 01-734 1291



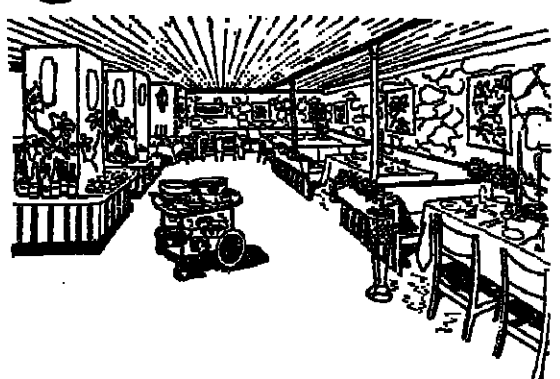
The Aubrey Park Hotel

Proprietors: Mr & Mrs P. S. Garbutt

Set in seven acres of park and woodland, the hotel offers a choice of two memorable restaurants. There's the Beaumont Room, an elegant restaurant with a fine and varied cuisine, or perhaps you would prefer the friendly mediocrity of the recently opened Ostlers Room. Here, low beams, oak furniture, pewter and a traditional bill of fare help to re-create the atmosphere of an Old English Inn.

A weekend away spent in one of the well-appointed motel style rooms at Aubrey Park would give you the opportunity to try both of these fine restaurants. We look forward to welcoming you.

Redbourn, near Hemel Hempstead, Herts (5 miles
St Albans, 4 miles Hemel Hempstead)
Redbourn 2105. Egon Ronay recommended. AA, RAC



Sully House Restaurant

Romantically situated on the coast, but easily found, 6 miles from Cardiff, overlooking the craggy shore to Sully Island. The Sully House Restaurant offers delicious French cuisine and a choice of excellent wines in haven of cosy luxury. Private room available for banqueting. 5 bedrooms, each with private bath. Open throughout the year every day except Sundays.

Swanbridge, Glamorgan

Telephone: Sully 448



Thurlestone Hotel

In the peaceful old world village is the exclusive 3 star Thurlestone hotel—private bathroom, lift, hairdressing salon, heater pool, badminton, squash, pitch and put golf course—all by the sea at Thurlestone. Nearby is the LINKS HOTEL adjoining at 18-hole full-size golf course.

Thurlestone, Nr. Kingsbridge, Devon

Telephone: 054-857 382



Rumpels Restaurant

AA Rosette, RAC Rosette, Egon Ronay, Ashley Courtenay, American Express

"In Paris you are famous." This was said to Rumpels by a Parisian businessman when asked how he knew of them. Rumpels modestly admits its connoisseur standards of cuisine can please even the most critical French palate. Their warm genuine friendliness is also well known: people remember the softly lit whispering quiet of the restaurant rooms, the peace, and the haunting beauty of Romney Marshes with big sunsets and miles and miles of waving rushes... To Stay—Rumpels Hotel entails the such, colour television, own carport, own bathroom suite, C.H., close carpeting and include morning tea and English Continental breakfast.

To Reach us—By road: Main A268 from London.
By Sea—Cross Channel Ferry to Dover.
By Air—Ashford Airport.

Rye Foreign, Rye, Sussex

Tel.: Peasmarsh 313



Le Napoleon

Le Napoleon brings a touch of Paris to Cardiff. The dark intimacy of the surroundings, the French voices of the staff, and the rewarding spectacle of the Chef and his team at work in the open kitchen would make even a Frenchman feel at home. The Chef proprietor, Edouard Hennequin, prepares each dish as it is ordered, believing each course should be savoured and diners should relax between dishes. Every dish on the excellent menu is a creation of Monsieur Edouard, for those who enjoy good food and wish for a memorable evening out.

7/9 Oxford Arcade, Cardiff

Telephone: Cardiff 387794



The White Horse Hotel

Managers: Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Critchley

The original building was one of the oldest in Sussex and a well-known rendezvous for smugglers whose contraband was stored in large cellars beneath the roadway. Kipling lived here before he moved to Burwash, and the house in which Burne-Jones lived can still be seen.

Rottingdean
Telephone: Brighton 31955

Educational Arts Review

North East London Polytechnic

Degree Courses of the CNA

BSc Electrical Engineering (Hons & Ord)
Four year sandwich degree courses of the Council for National Academic Awards (CNA) in which both Honours and Ordinary courses have a common first year.

BSc Applied Biology (Hons & Ord)
Four year sandwich degree courses offering a choice from bio-chemistry, animal physiology and pharmacology, plant physiology, microbiology. The third year is spent in industry.

BA Business Studies (Hons)
This four year sandwich course leads to specialisation in marketing or finance. Academic study is related to actual work situation during the sandwich period.

BSc Land Surveying Sciences (Ord)
This is a three year full-time course. It emphasises principles and scientific method enabling the graduate Land Surveyor to meet the challenges of rapid change.

BSc Applied Economics (Hons)
This is a full-time course of three years duration. It is designed to prepare students for responsible positions as specialists in economics - the business and government fields.

BSc Civil Engineering (Hons & Ord)
This four year sandwich course, commencing September 1971, replaces the London University Internal Degree Course.

University of London Degree Courses

The following 3-year full-time courses are available:

The New BSc Degree in Science Subjects

The BSc Degree scheme was introduced by the Polytechnic in the session 1970/71. It offers degree courses in the physical, biological and human sciences. Students may take either a one subject degree course or a two subject degree course.

One subject degree course. The following subjects are offered: Botany, Chemistry, Mathematics (options include Computation, Statistics and Operational Research), Physics, Psychology, Zoology.

Two subject degree course. Two subjects selected from: Bio-chemistry, Botany, Chemistry, Geology, Mathematics (options include Computation and Statistics), Physics, Physiology, Psychology, Statistics, Zoology.

BSc Chemical Engineering (Hons)

BSc Mechanical Engineering (Hons)

BA General

Choice of three subjects from: English, History, Economics, Geography, Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics and Psychology. (Geography and Psychology cannot be combined.)

For further information and details of entry requirements please write to:

The Registrar, Ref. AB114

North East London Polytechnic,

Forest Road, London, E17 4JB.

Telephone: 01-527 0933.

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The Polytechnic of Central London

courses in engineering and science

The following courses are housed in specially designed and fully equipped premises opened in September 1970

Full-Time Council for National Academic Awards

B.Sc. Ordinary Degree in Civil Engineering*

B.Sc. Ordinary Degree in Electrical Engineering

B.Sc. Ordinary Degree in Mechanical Engineering

B.Sc. Honours Degree in Photographic Technology

B.Sc. Honours Degree in Physics

M.Sc. Degree in Transportation Planning and Management*

External Degrees of the University of London

B.Sc. Engineering—Mechanical

B.Sc. Honours Degree—Revised Regulations (replacing the B.Sc. General and B.Sc. Special Degrees). Up to three subjects selected from: Biochemistry, Botany, Chemistry, Computation, Mathematics, Physics, Physiology, Psychology, Statistics, Zoology. There are opportunities to specialize in Mathematics or Zoology.

Higher National Diploma Computer Studies

Sandwich Council for National Academic Awards

B.Sc. Honours Degree in Civil Engineering*

B.Sc. Honours Degree in Electrical Engineering

Higher National Diploma Mechanical and Production Engineering

Part-Time B.Sc. Ordinary Degree in Applied Computing

For full details and application form please apply direct to: The Administrative Officer (RES/HH)

The Polytechnic of Central London, 115

New Cavendish Street,

London, W1M 8US

(01-498 5811 Ext. 237).

* For courses in Civil Engineering enquiries should be addressed to the Administrative Officer (RACE), 35 Marylebone Road, London NW1 5LS.

Other part-time courses are also offered. Brochures will be sent on request. Please state area of study.

BOURNEMOUTH COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY

DEGREES

BA GENERAL—Economics, English, French, Geography, German, History, Law, B.Sc. (ECONOMICS) (HONS)—Industry and Trade, Government, Geography, Economics, International Relations, Statistics.

B.Sc. (ENGINEERING) (HONS)—ELECTRICAL (including Electronics), B.Sc. (MATHEMATICAL SUBJECTS)—Pure Mathematics, Mathematical Methods, Statistics, Computation, Applied Mathematics.

B.Sc. (SCIENCE SUBJECTS)—Botany, Chemistry, Geography, Mathematics, Physics, Statistics, Zoology.

HIGHER NATIONAL DIPLOMAS

(One 'A' Level Entry)

H.N.D. in Business Studies (Full-time); 1. Data Processing; 2. Marketing; 3. Professional Studies; 4. Tourism.

H.N.D. in Business Studies (Sandwich); 1. Business Computing; 2. Cost Accounting or Company Secretariat; 3. Productivity Services.

H.N.D. in Hotel and Catering Administration (Sandwich); H.N.D. in Mechanical Engineering (Sandwich)—Fuel Technology; Mechanical and Production Engineering.

Entry to the above courses requires GCE 'A' levels, Ordinary National Diplomas or Ordinary National Certificates.

These courses are recognised for Local Education Authority Awards for University courses.

BOURNEMOUTH COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY

is situated in the heart of Bournemouth—it's a great place to live and an excellent place to learn. The college facilities are attractive—small classes, individual attention, well-equipped laboratories, an excellent library, good accommodation and a great and varied social life as arranged by the very active Student's Union.

Enquiries for prospectus, further information and advice should be made to the Prospective Room 47, College of Technology, Bournemouth, BH1 3JZ. (Tel. Bournemouth 5844).

Cheshire Education Committee

WEST CHESHIRE CENTRAL COLLEGE OF FURTHER EDUCATION

CARLETT PARK, EASTHAM, WIRRAL

HIGHER NATIONAL DIPLOMA in CHEMISTRY

COMMENCING SEPTEMBER 1971

This is a two-year full-time course and is equivalent to a 'Pass Degree in Chemistry' or O.N.D. in Chemistry or O.N.C. in Chemistry.

Successful candidates will be eligible to enter for the GRADUATE MEMBERSHIP OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF CHEMISTRY, which is equivalent to a good Honours Degree in Chemistry.

Local Education Authority Grants are available for the full three-year course to G.C.E.

Further particulars and application forms from the Head of Department of Science (051-527 1253).

E. A. Arncliffe, Director of Education.

Bournemouth and Poole College of Art

Landsdowne Bournemouth Bournemouth 20772

Vocational Courses in: Graphic Design, Environmental & Interior Design, Photography, Technical Graphics, Film Production, Fashion, Foundation Course

Write or phone for full details to Senior Admin. Officer

FREE INDIVIDUAL ADVICE ON SCHOOLS & TUTORING

Including Secondary and Post-Primary Schools, Colleges, Universities, and Tutors.

For a free booklet, 'How to Choose a School or Tutor', write to: The Director of Education, 93 Bakersfield Road, W.1.

01-286 0931.

OXFORD AND COUNTY SECRETARIAL COLLEGE

34 St. Giles, Oxford.

Residential flats for students. Courses in: Secretarial, Typing, shorthand, and other office skills. Prospective students should write to: The Secretary, Oxford and County Secretarial College, 34 St. Giles, Oxford, OX1 2JL.

01-266 4771.

ST. CHRISTOPHER'S COLLEGE

30-32 Queensberry Place, London, W.1.

Full secretarial training 37 weeks. Foreign language courses available throughout the year.

For details write to: The Secretary, St. Christopher's College, 30-32 Queensberry Place, London, W.1. Tel: 01-266 4771.

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Apply now for arts

By Alex Finer

THE RUSH for arts places throughout higher education has continued unchecked this year. Competition for the remaining vacancies in polytechnics and technical colleges is already severe and students who want these arts places should contact their local advisory officers as soon as possible. (For details, see chart.)

Polytechnics and technical colleges have always concentrated on vocational education and consequently most degree and diploma courses are offered in non-arts subjects. But the prospect of growing numbers of unemployed arts graduates has led to a healthy increase in career and industry-aligned arts courses.

A pioneer degree in modern studies at Sheffield Polytechnic illustrates the attempt to bridge the gap between the arts and industry. Studies will include modern history, politics and quantitative methods. Students also spend a short period during the course working on projects in industry. But the degree allows students to delay their choice of career until late into the course.

Industrial opportunities are also stressed in the new applied modern languages four-year degree course at Newcastle Poly. Economics forms the basis and occupies a quarter of the time. Language studies include French, German, Russian and Spanish. At least six months are spent at a foreign university. Tony Birney, course tutor, says: "The distinguishing feature of the course is the intensive development of spoken and written skills and their application to economics and foreign economies."

Two new degrees at Portsmouth Polytechnic will prepare language students for specialist careers in business, as well as offering exciting opportunities for travel. Students enrolled on the four-year Latin American Studies degree will spend a year in Mexico; the Polytechnic has already forged links with three Mexican universities and students expect to spend time in Spanish and Latin American affairs by the time they graduate.

Dr F. G. Healey, head of Portsmouth's modern languages department, says: "We aim to turn out graduates who can be immediately of use to British companies with business interests in that part of the world. They will be men and women who can step off a plane in Rio, Santiago or Mexico City and feel comparatively at home."

The new Russian and Soviet Studies degree at Portsmouth includes two one-month visits to Russia in the second and third years, while representations currently being made by the International Association of Russian Teachers could lead to six to 12-month visits.

MORE THAN new arts degrees have been approved this year by the Council for National Academic Awards (CNA). Most are strongly linked to future careers, but a few new non-vocational courses start this autumn.

Hendon College of Technology, part of the proposed Middlesex Poly, adds a CNA BA Modern English Studies degree to the existing London External BA in English which has been running since 1964. The new three-year course is divided into major and minor studies and concentrates on twentieth-century American and English literature. Written work from all three years will be considered in the final degree and 25-45 per cent of the final marks will be awarded on a continuous assessment basis—an exam method that many students will welcome.

The CNA also announced in late July that the rigid distinction previously made between "ordinary" and "honours" degrees was to be abolished for future degree courses. A flexible structure, allowing more students to opt for graded honours degrees, is to be introduced. Several of this year's new degrees are aimed at students trying to enter one of the professions. In two new law degrees—Britain's prospective Common Market entry has helped to shape the course content.

At Basing Technical College, European Economic Community law can be studied in the final year. At Bristol Poly, European Community law figures in the degree and French language is also an option.

Another new professional degree course is the four-year accountancy degree at Manchester Poly. It is the first in the country to be run on sandwich lines. Undergraduates will spend the whole of their third year engaged in practical training outside the Poly, which means students can become involved in a full annual cycle of financial activity.

Higher National Diploma (HND) courses are heavily biased in favour of the sciences, with only a fifth of the 315 courses on the arts side. Other college-awarded diplomas do exist, but the 60 arts HNDs are restricted to business studies.

New CNA degrees in business studies also start this year at Bristol and North Staffordshire Polys. The four-year Bristol course will operate on sandwich lines, with two prolonged periods of practical training within a business environment. The academic content of the course includes economics, behavioural science and business organisation. The remaining vacancies are disappearing fast—so apply now for arts.

The Sunday Times DEGREE SERVICE



COLLEGE	Arts	General Arts	Economics	Social and Social Sciences	Language and Foreign Studies
Birmingham Poly	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Birmingham City	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Birmingham Ed	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Bournemouth	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Bristol Poly	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Bristol Ed	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Bromsgrove	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Cambridge	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Chalmers	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Cheltenham	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Crawley	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Derby	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Farnborough	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Flintshire	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Glasgow Poly	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Glasgow Ed	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Guildford	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Hendon	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
High Wycombe	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Huddersfield Poly	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Hull CC	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Lancaster Poly	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Leeds Poly	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Leicester Poly	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Liverpool Poly	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Luton	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Manchester Poly	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Newcastle Poly	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Newport	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Northampton Poly	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Northwich	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Nottingham	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Oxford	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Reading Poly	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Sheffield Poly	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Southampton Poly	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Stafford	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Stirling Poly	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Swansea	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Torquay	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Trinity Poly	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Walsley	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
West Bromwich	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Wideningham Poly	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Wolverhampton	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Wrexham	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
London	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Central London Poly	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
City of London Poly	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Croydon	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
C. of London Trades	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Enfield	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Hendon	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Reading Poly	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
NE London Poly	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
North London Poly	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
C. of Printing	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
South East Poly	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
SW London	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Thames Poly	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Twickenham	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Windsor	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Scotland	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Dundee	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓

✓ on the chart indicates main subjects in which colleges had vacancies last year. On degree or HND arts courses. W indicates a waiting list for vacancies. For entry officers on previous lists of colleges, see the chart. Other subjects—such as accounting, geography, politics, psychology, music, librarianship—not included in the above chart.

How to use the service

THE DEGREE service, organised by the Department of Education and Science in co-operation with The Sunday Times, covers degree and other advanced courses at 113 polytechnics and colleges which have no established clearing house for late applications. The degree service offers students the most direct method of filling remaining places.

Nearly 300 local officers in England, Wales and Northern Ireland receive weekly lists of vacancies. They provide a broad counselling service and can help to enrol a student on the course of his choice. Their phone numbers can be obtained from the local education authority or from the Department of Education and Science, Room Curzon Street, London W1Y 8 (but not from The Sun Times).

Scotland does not participate in the degree service, but students can get information from Scottish Education Department, 8 George Street, Edinburgh. The full range of arts sciences CNA degrees can be found in the compendium available free from the Council National Academic Awards, 3 Devonshire Street, London W1N 2BA. The complete list HND courses is included in compendium obtainable from Regional Advisory Council, 11 stock House South, Tavistock Square, London WC1 (60p).

TRENT POLYTECHNIC

Your Course for Success

A new era in Nottingham's Further Education programme began in June 1970 when the Regional College of Technology merged with the Nottingham College of Art and Design to form the new Trent Polytechnic. Two magnificent new buildings now contribute to the excellent facilities available, both academically and socially—further education of the future starts here.

DEGREE COURSES

Applied Biology
Applied Chemistry
Business Studies
Civil Engineering
Education
Electrical & Electronic Engineering
Economics
General Arts
Legal Studies
Mechanical Engineering
Production Engineering
Quantity Surveying
Urban Estate Surveying

DIPLOMA COURSES

Foundation course in Art
Applied Biology
Building
Business Studies
Chemistry
Electrical & Electronic Engineering
Engineering
Management Studies
Mechanical Engineering
Mining
Printing Technology
Production Engineering
Textile Technology
Interior Design leading to AIBD

FULL TIME CERTIFICATE COURSES

Certificate in Social Work
Residential Child Care
Teachers' Certificate
Teacher's Certificate
(Mentally Handicapped)
(Option)

OTHER PROFESSIONAL FULL TIME COURSES

CE Part II
Chartered Accountants
Articled Clerks
Law Society Parts I & II
MI Biol. Part I & II

Details and Application Form from Chief Administrative Officer,

Country Properties

Hampton & Sons

Please note our new address:
HANS ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3. 01-589 1490
Entrance in Hans Mansions, Hans Road

BRANCH OFFICES at WEST BYFLEET, HASLEMERE & BERKHAMSTED

SOUTH SOMERSET/DORSET BORDER

Large, near Crewekerne main waterloo line. Easy reach of coast. Very old and Shropshire. Magnificent 17th-century house, with about 2 acres. Spacious plan. Freehold. 10 rooms, 10 bedrooms, 7 bathrooms, 2 bathrooms. Main entrance. FREEHOLD. 24,500. And, as above, east 800.

FALMOUTH, CORNWALL

18 MILES SOUTH OF TOWN
OUTSTANDING AND EXCEPTIONALLY SPACIOUS. 17th-century house, with 2 acres. 10 rooms, 10 bedrooms, 7 bathrooms, 2 bathrooms. Main entrance. FREEHOLD. 24,500. And, as above, east 800.

CHILTERN VILLAGE

Active, South Great Ouse. Charming position on village green. 17th-century house, with 2 acres. 10 rooms, 10 bedrooms, 7 bathrooms, 2 bathrooms. Main entrance. FREEHOLD. 24,500. And, as above, east 800.

Looking for a home in SCOTLAND?

Our select development of executive houses in the central town of Glasgow. 17th-century house, with 2 acres. 10 rooms, 10 bedrooms, 7 bathrooms, 2 bathrooms. Main entrance. FREEHOLD. 24,500. And, as above, east 800.

SURREY HOMES near London

FOR SALE OR RENT
Oxshott 2277; Chesham 4281
Esher 5272; Wokingham 4958

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

THE GRANGE
NEWTON LONGVILLE.
10 mins. station—30 mins.
300-year-old detached house, with 2 acres. 10 rooms, 10 bedrooms, 7 bathrooms, 2 bathrooms. Main entrance. FREEHOLD. 24,500. And, as above, east 800.

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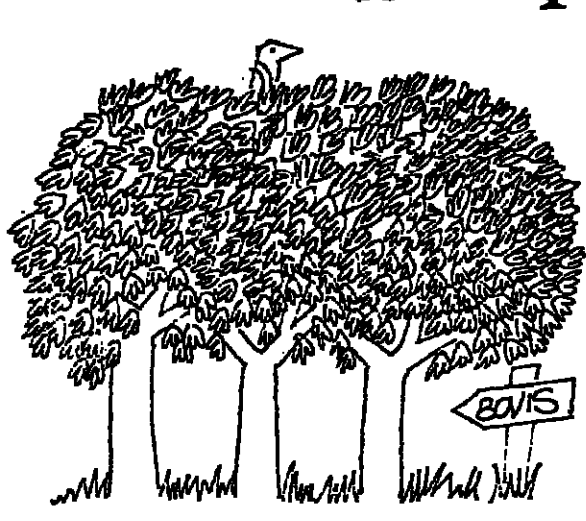
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